# Woodwind

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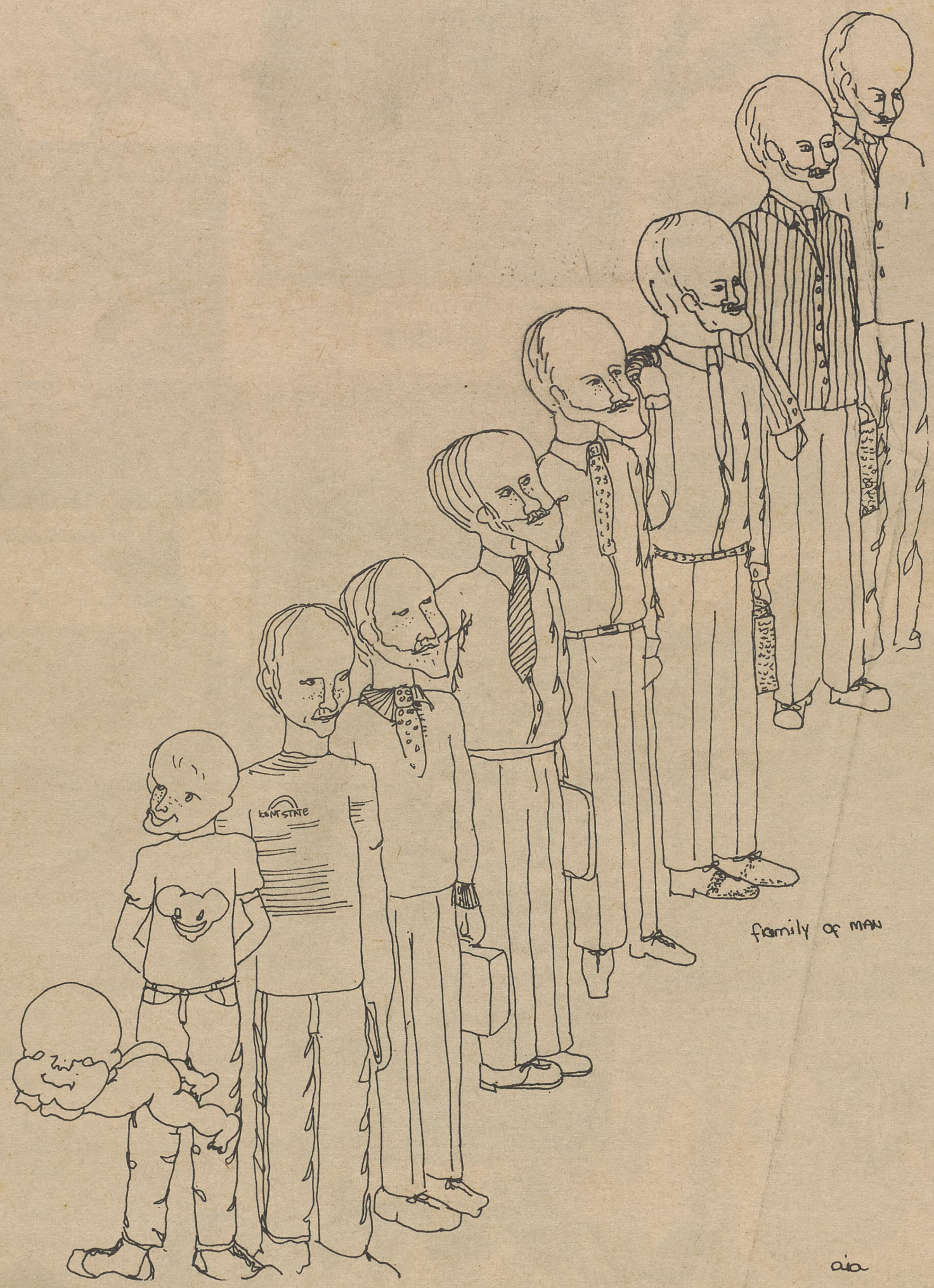


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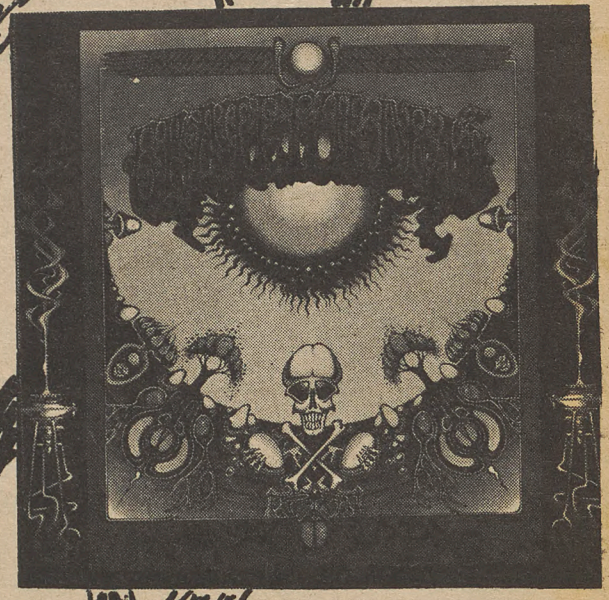

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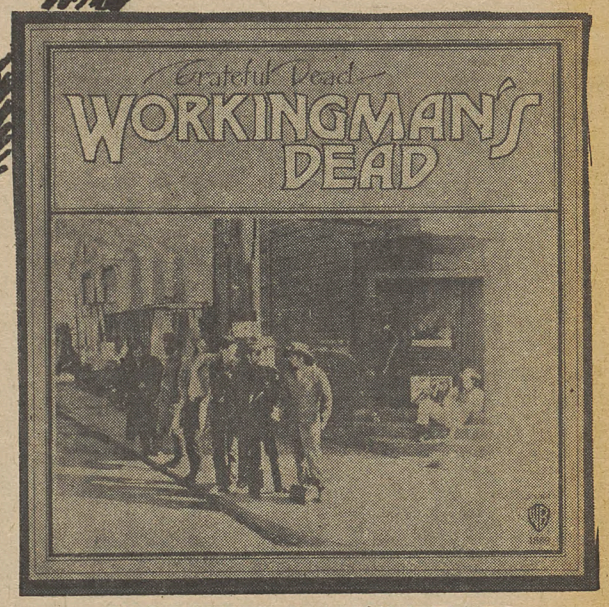


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# WOODWIND an Arts Paper

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For thos e of you who are unfamiliar with the correct procedures involved in submitting material for publication, there are anumber of excellent books on the subject, which also include a list of literary markets. See Writer's Market or Literary Market Place. Publishers frown on mimeographed or xeroxed copies; your name should appear on the upper left hand corner of every type written sheet included; the right hand corner should state the number of words and the rights you are willing to relinquish.

The Library of Congress in conjunction with the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund will present Isabella Gardner and John Logan reading and discussing their poems on Monday, November 1, in the Coolidge Auditorium at 7:30 P. M. Consultant in Poetry, Josephine Jacobsen will act as moderator. Both are fine poets and have been widely published and antholigized. No ticket of admission is required.

Appearing in this issue of Woodwind are Eugene Kayser and Daniel Washburn. See Poetry section.

Eugene Kayser is thirty-one years old and a native of Philadelphia. He received his B. A. from the Pennsylvania State University and holds a master's degree in communications from the Annenberg School, University of Pennsylvania. He taught at Temple Universtiy in Philadelphia and Ryder College in New Jersey. At present, he lives with his wife Anne, a painter and free lance artist, in Philadelphia. His work in plexiglass sculpture has been displayed at the Henri Gallery here in Washington, D. C.

Daniel Washburn was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota and is twenty-eight years old. He has a B. A. in Social Relations from Harvard Univ. and a master;s degree from Brandeis in the field of Psychology. He was at the Washington Technical Institute and the U. S. Department of Agriculture graduate school. He is presently residing in Washington, D. C. and offering courses at both the University of Maryland and Georgetown University.

Our apologies to Gabrielle Edgcomb, who was one of the featured poetsin the previous issue of Woodwind. She prefers to be published under the name of Gabrielle Simon and has appeared in Liberationand Reflections under that name.

Woodwind would welcome a review of Campfires of the Resistance available at the Community Bookstore. Several excellent washington poets are included in that anthology.


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# CAROLYNE LANDON

Freelance artist Carolyne Landon is from Williamsburg, Virginia and is presently living in Washington. She attended the Corcoran School of Art and George Washington University. Her work will be exhibited October 26 - December 5 at The Art Barn on Tilden Street in Rock Creek Park.

These drawings are her interpretations of some of Jorge Luis Borges' Imaginary Beings.

LEMURES. These tormented spirits were created by Romulus to appease the ghost of his murdered brother Remus. They terrified the good and haunted the evil or impious. The Romans held festivals in their honor that lasted three nights, during which time all temples were closed and marriages prohibited.

The BANSHEE comes from Irish, Scotch, and Welsh legends. Her presence and her keening (shrieking) is a precursor of death.

THE EATER OF THE DEAD - From the Egyptian Book of the Dead When someone died, his heart was weighed against a feather to determine his righteousness.

"The dead man swears not to have caused hunger or sorrow, not to have killed, not to have stolen the food set aside for the dead, not to have used false weights, not to have taken the milk from a baby's mouth, not to have driven livestock from their pasturage, not to have netted the birds of the gods." If he lies, 42 judges deliver him to the eater.

## i

spring
grass
time
dried bones
growing
flesh

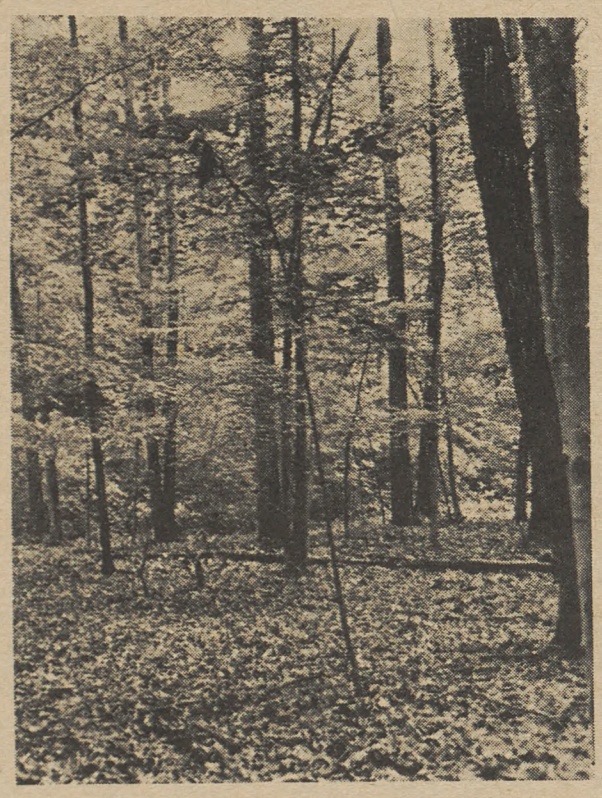
## iii

our midnight minds create
the alley air
a film
of dreams
filled with birds
and ghosts
who dare
to dance with fire
to survive the burning bed
of coals
of now & then
this winter
I soar
cold
across the green
you are there
an Incan priestess
driving us all
to court the flame
in scarlet
sacrificial dress

## iv

I wake to new
bread honey & tea
before my table
spread the roofs
of Patmos
frosted cakes
scattered
near the sea

and always
the olive tree
twisting
in the wind



# Poetry

## vi

let us speak
with stones
grain for grain
let us answer
the thrust of cliffs
and milk
the veins of marble

but let us listen
to the worn sea
stones
whisper
of change

## vii

burial day
is the day
after Independence
Day
on a hillside
a black circus
of figures
stands round
a coffin
hidden
under the flag

the preacher reads
the traffic slows to watch
a holiday
in Maine

## viii

the sea with marble grain
and lunar ambition
courts the hard land
runs soft fingers
along its sandy thigh
and drops
from her emerald skirt
sacrificial shells
and seaweed shawls
bottles etched by sand
and the black seeds
of watery birth

but the proud land bristles
with spiny grass
to keep its heart
from showing
watches weightless birds
and hears
only the winds
quartet

## x

fringing the city
there are men
burning
the refuse of their work
in oil drums

circling fires
they sit with darkened backs
waiting to bear
the dawn
tide

if one with lighted face
should say Come
let us dance together
burning time
before the sun can
rise

would they
or
would they

drift away beneath
the city
fearing
pity
no one ever asked

## ix

a firescape the yard
aflame with burning buds
the green ignites
the parchment of earth
white hot bulbs
errupt the burst
and flaring flowers
leave stems charred

only you
dare to tread
through growing heat
this hindu spring
with indian eyes
and vanilla feet

## xii

the crystal cities
of the mind
hide the heart
with glistening tombs
mirrors
reflecting without and with
in shifting planes to
prismatic ends
without tears or rain
color staining the rose
windows opening
and closing into todays
rounded forms of tomorrow
a crystal fist to pound
life until it shatters
in red slivers on the floor

your hands have felt
the urge before
a sheet of glass
to smash its frozen face
to see cracks
run
like lines on late spring ice
to hear the sound of wind
through falling glass
to watch the wall
reveal itself
and turn to daggers

EUGENE KAYSER

## autumn haiku

Outside chill rains fall on upreaching branches
In here your warm tear surprises the back of my hand

Outside the window
the full moon leans lazily
on the rooftops
A round wine bottle stands empty
on our kitchen table
This fine summer night
We are all filled up
with good feeling

## flirtation

Ravished by the stars
I gaze into the moon's eye
caught by her cosmic wink -

Who am I asks the eye
that can feel -
I am the great fly
wheel
seen
at the center of the mind's
perpetual notion
machine

## race relations

Sometimes when I'm a watermelon
full of cool pink meat
and a multitude of seeds
I am afraid
like a skittish Southern belle
that some strange dark meat
will bite into me
and leave my insides disordered
with his
difference

across silver fields
your tracks led
wandering
among white-dressed trees
that were as still and pale
as expectant brides
forever waiting
for their bridal ecstacies
and you
your yellow hair turned white
with snow
seemed suddenly as old
and silent
as your solitary trees
when I reached you
your hand in mine
was cold

While looking through my telescope
and reaching for you
with elastic arms
and mile-long fingers
I forget everything

but afterward I am angry
that loving you
has left me deformed

In Saigon
where they are still trying to win
when they cough
they ask
whose ashes am I breathing in

For what other woman lies
with a monkey shape like me
except that she has
traveling in her past
and eyes like the deep sea

Where are you
Where are you
I have listened for you
in the dry rumble of the trucks
I have listened for you in the bells
of the far off
church steeples
Your voice is no longer heard in the sad whisper
of the wind
on the sand
No children laugh
No new wrinkles appear around the eyes
of those who have grown old
with carrying you
In the streets the Arabs are wearing guns
Outside the hospital
the trees have fallen down

## the original sin

Its too bad
there wasn't
anybody around
when God
breathed the breath of life
into Adam
to tell Him
that He had
a bad case of
halotosis
at the time

You?
You think I don't know all about you?
You thought you could make it
at the carnival
but you wound up
a clay pipe
going around and around
in the shooting gallery

## the concealed glory

You see
that's all there is
only reflections
of light on light -
the island of our existence
floating
in a mirror world
where the same trees grow
and as for the real
that's as ripply
as the rest
for I tell you
I have put my foot
through that upper world

DAN WASHBURN

# THEATRE

John Guare is getting a reputation as one of the freshest/finest new playwrights since Albee. His House of Blue Leaves was acclaimed as the best new Off Broadway play last season, and his upcoming collaboration with Galt MacDermott on a musical version of Two Gentlemen of Verona ia already causing excitement in New York. Georgetown's Mask & Bauble is giving Washington's audiences a chance to see what the noise is all about by offering two of his one-act plays.

The first, Home Fires, gives no indication of Guare's talent. It is a pleasant but insubstantial little farce based on anti-German sentiment after World War I and the identity crisis a German family goes into as they try to bury the mother through a jingoistic funeral parlor. There is probably a viable idea here, but nothing happens and the play is saved only by Guare's incredibly weird sense of humor and a well acted and staged production. There are snatches of World War I songs, if anyone but me cares about that.

Cop-Out, the title play for the evening, is another story. In this play Guare focuses on the police mentality and the cliches it feeds on. The savagery of his satiric vision is at its most effective here, as he cuts between scenes from the life of a patrolman and a plainclothes detective, both played to perfection by Carlos Correa. The impact of the single face for both cops brings their situations out of the ordinary and raises them to an archetypal level. The patrolman is an average guy who screws up his chances for a promotion by having an affair with a "commie dope dupe demonstrator." The detective, Arrow, is the supreme tough dick ("My brains are in my fists and my IQ is in my holster.") who is given an appropiately baroque murder mystery that leads him into aplay where he acts the part of all the presidents in bed, fucking and perverting, with America, their universal wife/victim ("O Mr. Nixon! Even if I am dead you can't do that!"). Donn Murphyy has given the play a spectular production and the best performance of the evening is turned out by Nanci Langston, who plays all the non-cop roles, slipping from a grotesquely deformed old woman to a ravishing sexpot masochist at the drop of a crutch.

Cop-Out runs Friday and Saturday nights (October 22, 23, 29, 30) at 7:30 and 9:30 at Stage One, 3620 P St. NW.

I decided to stay around and catch the current play at Midnight Theatre, Once Over Nightly, by Michael Sheehan and Sheldon Goldberg. This is a musical comedy that harks back to the true heritage of the Absurd, the surrealistic, quasi-slapstick insanity of the Marx Brothers. It is a very funny play, uniformly well-acted, and if the music was a trifle too show-tuney for my taste it at least provided the base for some fine vaudeville choreography, and it was very pleasant not to hear the bastard pop-rock that seems so inevitable since Hair. And "Hallelujah Lordy" is a good old fashioned showstopper.

Midnight Theatre runs Friday and Saturday midnights until November 6 at Stage One. — John Reap

The Prisoner of Second Avenue by Neil Simon
Middle American Gothic at The National Theatre

Neil Simon has written a new play, Mike Nichols has directed. It's going to be a smash like Barefoot in the Park, The Odd Couple, and Plaza Suite, all of which Neil Simon wrote and Mike Nichols directed. The Prisoner of Second Avenue, however, is a funnier play than those and unlike with the others, the outside world enters this play.

Perhaps I could better say, the outside world assaults this play, for there is no relief from the beginning to the end of the action from the pressures of New York City, and the American economy.

The play's hero, should we call him that, is Mel Edison portrayed by Peter Falk. Edison is the prisoner of the title; middle-aged, middle weight, middle class, middle income, middle of New York at 88th and 2nd Avenue.

The play opens with his moan in the middle of a summer night. We view the living room of a New York apartment, and this "eggbox" room, ingeniously set in view of dozens of other eggboxes for living is the only room we see, the bourgeoisie battleground for the entire play.

The air-conditioning's too cold, the outside air is too hot, Edison can't sleep anyway, the stewardesses next door are playing music and a dog is barking outside. Conditions rapidly get worse. The wall cracks as he pounds on it to quiet the stewardesses, an upstairs neighbor pours a bucket of water on him yelling at the dog and there's a leak in the pipes. His long-suffering wife Edna, played by Lee Grant, attends him faithfully throughout, but she is shortly to be plunged into worse problems than Mel.

Next in store for the Edison's is a daytime robbery that strips the apartment of everything except the furniture: clothes, TV, medicine, booze and stereo. Following that is Mel's announcement that he's been fired. The events are surrounded by a string of funny lines, but the crowning irony for Mel is his failure to support his wife after he loses his job.

In the sexist world that Simon paints, Mel's having to depend on Edna for money is reason enough for a nervous breakdown. But he does not blame Edna, because the Plot against himself, and the government, and the hippies, and the big corporations, and everyone else, has become clear to him, and the perpetrator of the plot, the Human Race, becomes his enemy. Falk's performance of this realization is a joy to watch, for he is like a flowering cactus of paranoia with suspicion blooming forth.

Here the play ceases to move, and it becomes Jewish comedy with a family brought in to discuss Mel's nervous breakdown. It resumes never having abandoned funny lines, particularily in News Brief about the muggings of Gov. Rockefeller, as the pressures surround Edna and she is carefully drawn into Mel's vision.

Edna's job has gone the way of Mel's, but here, instead of a riff of 47 employees, the entire hundred-year-old corporation has gone under. Still stunned she speaks of the hundred-year-old gargoyles on the roof of the company building. Breaking down, she cries, "Tomorrow they are gonna come with the sledge hammers and kill the gargoyles."

With the water in the apartment now cut off, and some of the electricity failing, the battle with the water throwing neighbor is rejoined, and as the curtain falls, on a crumbling civilization, there is no indication that the battle will cease.

I hope the ending isn't changed for Broadway, though I heard grumbling from the audience about the lack of an ending, because there's no other reason for the play than the continued state of disaster.

Walter Kerr sometimes compares Neil Simon to Aristophanes. Well, Aristophanes he ain't, but he apparantly is the Bard of the Bourgeoisie and if it takes Neil Simon to tell them everything ain't right, then let's hope he does it.

But, Oh, Neil, can't you get beyond the crumbling forms of the commercial theater?

Landscape and Silence by Harold Pinter
at the Folger Theatre

As I rememember, Pinter wanted his plays Landscape and Silence to be presented in this order: Silence first and then Landscape, followed by Silence. If that's a figment of my imagination it would still be a good idea for the rhythms of Silence to prepare one for Landscape, but much of Silence is lost.

The Folger proceeds with Silence first, and Landscape last.

From the beginning of Silence we are not in familiar Pinteresque country. His three characters have removed themselves from the single room of an old Pinter set and the stage is bare except for three chairs; a woman, Ellen; and two men, Rumsey and Bates. Missing also, with the room, is the ambivalent menace that colored all the earlier Pinter plays. In this world of three chairs, no one's going to enter and no one's going to leave, the situation is not going to change. What does exist is the memory of rooms and walks and other people and these memories can be remembered, repeated and re-examined over and over. And it would seem they are.

It would seem Ellen remembers an affair with each of the men, old Rumsey and younger Bates and it would seem that Bates and Rumsey each remember an affair with Ellen with no knowledge of the other man.

But is anyone but Ellen remembering?

Under director Louis W. Scheeder's guidance the actors open up the possibility that Ellen's old?-young? mind has created one or both of the men to fill and empty past.

Words spoken by others pass like perfumes over the face of Ellen as played by Alice White. Her face is a screen on which her words, Bates' words and Rumsey's words project images- visions- of sadness, joy, peace, happiness, while the face of Peter Vogt's Rumsey is an impassive double chinned serenity. The face of Paul Farin's Bates is a consistently scowling mask, but Bates, unlike Rumsey takes an occasional initiative, he, most significantly, moves to Ellen. Ellen moves to Rumsey.

"I'm old," Ellen says, "my youth was somewhere else, anyway I don't remember." What she claims to not remember is her early life, and perhaps nobody is remembering, at least in the same truth.

"The past is another country," says the narrator in The Go-Between Pinter's latest film script, "they do things differently there." The line is from L. P. Hartley's novel, but they do things differently in the past of Silence as well; whoever is remembering.

In Landscape a simpler problem is raised. There are only two characters, Beth and Duff, a servant couple apparently occupying the house of their former employer who has, apparently, died. Duff, played by Peter Vogt in perhaps a too colorful a fashion, is speaking to Beth. Beth, by Pat Gebhard, does not hear Duff; she is speaking, but not to him, and he does not hear her. Beth is remembering a man, a lover of hers, apparently, and the question that rises is who the man is, Mr. Sykes the former employer, or Duff.

ıe voices of Vogt and Gebhard blend and flow and paint the pictures in Landscape with more confidence than the voices of Silence, but that qualitative difference may no longer exist, as those opening night differences could have been corrected by now if Scheeder has continued working with his cast since opening night.

What Harold Pinter writes is very important. This Washington premiere of Landscape and Silence is extremely well done. When the Folger group is good, it is very, very good.

Mother Earth - at Ford's Theatre

"Trust your government to clean up America. They're always whitewashing one thing or another."

"If you really want to know what God thinks about money, just look at the people he gives it to."

"If you don't believe democracy is the best form of government, think of this: Where else in the world can you choose the leaders who ignore your needs

These quotes, ironically enough, are sponsored by the U.S. Government through Ford's Theatre where the ecology conscios musical review Mother Earth is enjoying its East Coast premiere.

But it's not too surprising since ecology is one of the few fields of protest that the Federal Government has an approving interest in, along with anti-Russian demonstrations. Has an interest in, I may say, but not a very good record.

Mother Earth is single-mindedly about ecology and has dispensed with plot to present a series of skits and musical numbers promoting conservation and population control. The format has the advantage on a plotted musical like Touch, in that it avoids digressions for the sake of a plot and keeps the energy high. But it doesn't save Mother from being too long, which it is, and some of the skits and numbers could profitably vanish without a trace.

A couple of the numbers by Toni Shearer and Ron Thronson are properly rousing, notably "Cry for Xanadu" and "Sail On, Sweet Universe," though the musical arrangement for Shelley's "Ozymandias" didn't noticeably improve the poem.

Though the musical arrangement for Shelley's

Universe," though the musical arrangement for Shelley's "Ozymandias" didn't noticeably improve the poem.

Though I may say Right On to the intent of the show, and Right On to a few of the skits (I found the over-population Killathon sponsored by Dow Chemicals long but nicely pointed and the duel to death by deep breathing the air, nearly perfect), I wonder how much is really getting across.

The night I went, a number of ladies in beautiful white fox and mink furs made up a large part of the audience.

And if you're planning to go, ladies and gentlemen, to see the ecological conservation rock musical at Ford's, you can't miss it, there are three genuine natural gas lamps in front of the theatre.

Incidentally, Ford's is nearly perfect in size for the show and the rear screen projections are exquisite.

Touch - The Country Rock Musical
At the Diadem Dinner Theatre, Gaithersburg

Being favorably disposed to experiment with the theatre, I'm favorably disposed to experiment in dinner theatres, which are normally frozen in a creative deathlock of 15 basic musicals and a selection of Neil Simon comedy staples. (There are two versions of Man of La Mancha and two Neil Simon comedies among the eight dinner theatres currently listed by the Washington Post.)

Touch, an off-Broadway success and new to the Washington area, would not be much of an experiment anywhere else in the area, being nothing more than a pleasant rehash of the elements of Hair and a number of touchy-feely off-Broadway plays, but at a dinner theatre it's a welcome change, and if you don't insist on art you should welcome it for its charm and good vibrations.

Touchis about a group of society drop-outs, enacting a prototypical Hippie myth of meeting on the road and forming a commune, naturally the locals resist the hippies, but anything that gets too heavy is relieved by a song, so most of the story can be ignored.

One thing about the story shouldn't be ignored, however, since it cheapens the the whole experience. Much of the humor of the play is toned humor , about marijuana users, with spacey jokes and a spacey Vietnam veteran character who smokes grass constantly and is never seen without a number in his his hand. The veteran at one point discovers a long lost tab of acid in his coat and gives it to the character Roland, who trips for the first time and freaks out with a screaming bummer of a trip. While Roland is resting, trying to come down, the commune is filled with screaming accusations and denials and lectures on the degeneracy of the group into acid users. No one points out that the carryings-on are precisely the worst thing for the bad trip, but the whole shameless point is obvioussly to convince middle-class audiences that all hippies aren't junkies and it's a bit gratuitous following all the stoned jokes.

Touch is too much modeled on the anti-drug performance, The Concept created by ex-addicts at Daytop Village, from the beginnings introductions ("My name is Alex, I do dope."), to the closing handshakes, and it's a bit too schmaltzy, but it's a nice way to have dinner, if a bit expensive.

There is one stand-out performance in the cast, by Richard Morris as Roland the bum-tripper, and a stand-out number with Morris and Teck Hurdock called "Maxine," a rock and roll hymn to a flat-chested girl and her bound volumes of Marvel comic books.

If the whole dinner theatre experience is too expensive for you, you can get in for the show only at a reduced rate and I know they've had discount nights. Call the Diadem for information.

Earth Onion - Women's Improvisational Theatre
at the University of Maryland

The presence of a women's theatre collective in Washington is a good sign, since one thing Washington has noticeably lacked is a committed theatre on the order of the San Francisco Mime Troupe or the Bread and Puppet Theatre.

I caught Earth Onion's performance for the first time last week, though I'd seen some of the performers before, and though it was a long way from a masterly unified performance, there was a good strong interplay of trust and respect between the performers, something you rarely see in a mixed male and female group of longer standing.

Earth Onion is still seeking a style and their Maryland performanc was a blend of encounter games with the entire audience and separatist demonstrations of improvisations by the ten women of Earth Onion. There is a certain danger in manipulating the audience that increases when you first give the audience power and then take it away and it would be nice to see the group resolve the contradiction.

The group has skills, and a nice unassuming presence which relaxed the audience. I'd like to see them create a theatre piece or evolve an experience on the order of "Little Trips." In fact, I'd like to see anything new from Earth Onion.

Earth Onion's address in Washington is at 1509 Que Street, N.W.

Looking over the weeks reviews I niticed that they are generally benevolent, surprisingly, and that, of all tha shows I reviewed, there was only one black performer visible in one show. This is bound to change soon with the openings at Arena Stage and Back Alley Theatre, and later with Washington's new black companies, but it's a little absurd in Washington.

- Ned Chaillet

Next issue: The Goodweather Puppeteers and The San Francisco Mime Troupe: Joy in the Revolution

Openings: Pantaglieze at the Kreeger
Moonchildren at Arena Stage
Ceremonies in Dark Old Men at Back Alley
Amédee at Lisner Auditorium
Man of La Mancha at the National
All Over at the Washington Theatre Club
Lovers at Theatre Lobby

WASHINGTON'S FIRST TELEVISION THEATRE

I'm only going to be slightly equivocal about the Groove Tube, Washington's new free form television theatre. It's certainly got the 17th rerun of "I Love Lucy" beat to hell.

Vitreous Humor sponsors the Washington showings of the Groove Tube shows, but sort of "The Best of" the New York shows which have been running for two and a half years.

The spots range from brilliant satire to dismal trash on the level of a Video Screw magazine. Fortunately the brilliance outshines the dismal and you'll probably be laughing most of the time. Have you ever wondered what might happen if the camera stays on and the result is hilarious. What actually happens when an inane TV clown sends the parents out of the room for a "Make Believe Time" with the kiddies? On the Groove Tube. the clown reads to the kids from "Fanny Hill" and and the Marguis De Sade.

On the debit side, there's an over-reliance on "amusing" ethnic characters such as a buck-toothed Japanese Karate demonstrator who predictably smashes his hand on a brick, and there's a pointless Screw style lecture on venereal disease by a penis.

Even so, it's got standard TV beat by a long shot, a talking penis would never get a chance to fail on the existing broadcast bands, so I say visit the Tube. If they make it, we can probably expect a good outlet for local creativity when Vitreous Humor gets around to producing its own shows. They serve plenty of drinks (soft), they have comfortable pillows to lie on, and your own TV was never so good to you.

– Ned Chaillet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# At the Movies

One Day In The Life of Ivan Denisovich

WASHINGTON REVIEWING SOCIETY

"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich", the film currently playing at the Dupont theatre seems to be that rare creature, a film that is too faithful to the original. In this case, a novel--documentary of the same title by the famous Soviet writer, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

It suffers from an overabundance of earnestness, a misapplied dedication. It is an example of the crippling power of awe; of the in hibition that too much respect can cause.

The book, as almost everyone will remember, deals with the typical day of a Soviet political prisoner sentenced to ten years hard labor in a Siberian work camp. It is a manual of survival techniques, rather than a direct polemic against the Stalinist tyrannies which sent Ivan to prison in the first place. Ivan Solzhenitsyn's recipe for survival is relatively simple: first, a deep sense of fatalism is required; survival is more important than bitterness, regret, or revenge. One must see that the body survives by keeping it warm in temperatures that indoor or outdoor are below freezing; one must keep the body fed on a diet of boiled grass and fishbone stew. One must also follow the rules to the point where one becomes invisible to the authorities. One must hoard every moment of one's time and keep in careful check and balance, the favors owed and the favors gained. One's only recreation other than the privacy of one's thoughts, is the magpie hoarding of pilfered food, tobacco, and small pieces of metal. These precepts Ivan follows religiously-they have kept him alive for eight years and they account for whatever small satisfaction he gets out of life- recounting, at the day's end, his negative successes: he didn't get too cold, didn't get sick, his work was reasonably tolerable, he paid a few favors and incurred a few more, he didn't arouse the wrath of the guards - it was just another day in the three thousand odd he was sentenced to serve.

The movie sets out to religiously duplicate the details of the book. It shaves the heads of its actors and forces them to undergo a grueling several months on location in the frozen Norwegian wasteland. It recreates the appearance and the schedule of the camp, right down to the huge bucket of excretment carried out of the barracks each morning by prison trustees. The trouble is, if you haven't read the book in a year or so, you have trouble remembering such trivia, and Casper Wrede, the film's director, in slavishly recreating this detail, presents it so ambigiously that the bucket may as well contain soup for the prisoners breakfast. The numbing cold is graphically detailed: frost in the barracks, frozen drinking water, steaming stoves, chilled feet and hands. It deals with the prisoners' preoccupation with food at great length, even out doing Solzhenitsyn in this respect. It treats the work in the prisoners' lives exhaustively and honestly. Through the device of a voice -over narration, it introduces the characters, sets the scene, re-tells the past and extraneously presents what brief flashes of philosophy there are in the book, dropping them like verbal stones into the pool of images below. In short, with infinite care and patience, it recreates the book, page by page, word by word, letter by letter - and that's the rub - the letter's there, all right, but not the spirit.

The problem seems to be Wrede andcompany's attitude towards the bood. As indicated, it seems to have been an attitude of blind respect. Filmdom history is rife with examples of directors massacreing an authors original intentions - the films made from Faulkner's books,for example. There have been some fine films made which only vaguely recall the books upon which they were based. And a more modern phenomenon: films which inspire novels, after the fact, so to speak - Love Story, which started out as a film play, and then a novel, and finally a film - or was it the other way around?

Oviously , the adaptor-director should be respectful of the author's intention. At the same time, if for no other reason than because he is working in a different mediun, he should leave some roon for his own spirit; the ideal book-based film should be a synthesis of the author's intentions and the director's spirit. A fine example is Ken Russell, too. Russell also exemplifies what might be a good second choice, if the ideal is unattainable: ignoring the book at the expense of the film. "The Devils" certainly bears little resemblance to Huxley's "The Devils of Loudon" on which it is purportedly based, yet it is an unique film, one that successfully stands as a work of art, so that on can experience the bookand the film as two discrete entities, each with its own merits and faults. In the case of "One Day", there is the book and then there is the movie, which despite its honesty of intention, is little more than a 'Classics comic' version of the original, a million dollar plot outline, in which the Solzhenitsyn spirit is missing and the talents of Caspar Wrede seem as nondescript as those of the script girl's.

I had gone into this film with high expectations based on two film - clip promos I had seen on television. One dealt with Ivan eating a bowl of fishbone stew; the other with a group of prisoners warming themselves about an oilcan stove. In both, I was struck by the photography; it seemed imbued with a light, the kind that for want of a better term is usually called a 'classic', the light that the still photographer, Irving Penn, uses in his portraits, a light that has as its attributes, an overwhelming strength and clarity, a strong, pure light that on my small-screened, black and white television, seemed to be just the right vehicle for expressing the matter of fact despair that is the hallmark of the Solzhenitsyn style. That light was there in the film all right, but it was in color. In my naivete, I had thought the film was shot in black and white because of my black and white TV set.

This seemingly innocuous detail, I think, has a great deal to do with the film's ineffectiveness. Had it been made in black and white, using the light described above, I wonder if that non-verbal quality might not have been enough to convey the spirit that this film so sorely lacked. Which leads me to further wonder how many potentially great films have failed because they were shot in color? Every great director has succumbed to the lure of color, and almost everyone has suffered because of it, I think. Resnais comes to mind with "Muriel" as compared to "Heroshima, Mon Amour," Fellini and "8 1/2" compared to "Satyricon" - surreal and strong fantasy seems to turn into decadent posturing in the other. Antonioni's great theme of alienation seems much more naturally allied to black and white than color, and Bergman's latest, "The Touch" seems to have lost the touch of his earlier black and white films. And so on. What about the color in "One Day?" First, bear in mind that color film is no longer has the lurid aspects of Technicolor prints of a decade or two ago - doubtless, for that reason, more and more film-makers are taking it seriously. The quality of color in "One Day" is subtle and realistic, but nevertheless, it is still too pretty. Instead of making the snow seem austere and cold, it makes it look pretty and blue. It imparts nice warm hues to the camp which is supposed to seem bleak and raw. It puts ruddy tints in the faces of men who, for the most part, are supposed to be starving. It directly sabotages, in other words, director Wrede's intentions. It even makes the food look appetizing; thus boiled grass porridge comes out looking like pumpkin pie filling. It is most effective in those moments where there is least color: at dawn, when the men are marching to their work site; at dusk, when they march back to the camp in the lenghtening shadows. One can only regretfully imagine, based on the slim evidence on the two black and white televised film clips, the power that an austere black and white quality of light might have imparted to this film.

Without considering the whole, there are many fine things about the film one feels obligated to praise. Tom Courtenay, and the rest of the cast (with the exception of the guards who are played like robots) are uniformly excellent; Courtenay catches the precise flavor of Solzhenitsyn's character. Wrede has several fine vignettes; the eating scenes, for example, have a compelling visceralness and rival in effectiveness to the famous "Tom Jones" eating scenes. There is a long section of the movie devoted to the prisoners' work and Wrede is the first artist who, to my mind, has successfully captured the the nature of work itself, its unending tedium, offset by the satisfaction that completion brings - a difficult enough thing to do any medium (which is why people in books never seem to have jobs) and Wrede does a remarkable job of it.

Once upon a time, Gnossos Pappadapoulis was the only one of his kind.
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It is hard to pinpoint the Wrede style but he does have one mannerism that leads one to suspect that he has made more than his share of documentaries - he likes to move in for the telling detail, presenting it in looming close-ups: tha grime on Courtenay's teeth, a fish-eye swimming in liquid, a pursed and wrinkled mouth, a technique that seems to be the hallmark of every documentary filmaker. Television news cameramen are addicted to a sloppy version of it - they have a uniformly insensitive way of erratically zooming in on a face or a pair of hands. It's done a little more smoothly by Frederick Wiseman but usually with the same unsubtle results. Wrede doesn't zoom in on his details; he smoothly and quickly cuts to them - again, with the same lack of sensitivity, it seems to me. Perhaps, it is this kind of emphasis is foreign to the human eye - for the most part, we see things with a wide angle vision, and when we want to concentrate on an object, we isolate it in the context of our preipheral vision, we don't scrutinize it with an 8x magnifying glass from two inches away, which, in effect, is what this documentary technique does.

A word about the music. It is horribly inappropriate, a combination of quasi-Gregorian chanting and electronic mewling which like all bad film music frequently creates moments of specious drama where there is no filmic drama. It transforms a group of prisoners trekking across the lonely steps into John Cage leading a chorus of castrati monks. Natural sounds or even silence would have been far more effective.

The Dupont is not a bad place to see a film, mainly because it was designed in the days before theatre architects decided that theatres should be wider than they are long, an idea which leads to a certain distortion in all but the three middle seats. Except for a mis-aligned top-edge, the film was projected well with no apparent difference when switching projectors. The print was in good shape which leads me to another complaint about color films; they deteriorate more rapidly than black and white prints. It is my usual cheap practice to wait until the second run to see a movie, but after seeing "Klute" and "Butch Cassidy" shot through fiery lines and spectacular holes, I have relunctantly decided to attend first run films.

Thursday night is an ideal night to see a film at the Dupont (though not from their standpoint) as there were only about twenty patrons at the first show. Candy is prohibitively expensive (Dots-$.35) and the popcorn (also$.35) nubbly, over-fragmented, but well buttered or margerined, is dispensed by machine.

-Mark Power

# FOOD

MORE FAST FOOD - from the Washington Reviewing Society

Schwartze's Drugstore. A bit of the old world charm at the corner of Connecticut Ave. and "R" Street? Well, perhaps not quite that, but a good cheap place for fast food with some added joys. This is no department store drugstore with dog collars and pyrex dishes. This is a small, old time, quality joint with the major part of its meager floor space given over to five gray formica-topped tables (four chairs to each) for feeding hungry folks who want a little more leisure than the counter offers.

Service at Schwartze's is snappy and efficient from an experienced and sometimes witty staff. Cries of "97" (for some mysterious reason the Schwartze's code for carry-out) echo down the counter. The procedure here is to order your food at the counter and wait at your table until it appears at the place of ordering at which time you carry it to your choosen place for injestion. You can pay for it when you pick it up, or, if you have a familiar face, when you are through eating. During the lunch rush, there is usually a friendly waitress who will do this all for you. Carry-out food is ordered at the far end of the counter.

There are usually two specials each day ranging from $.75 for a sandwich with fries to a little over $1.00 for a hot dish with a vegetable and a roll. We usually stick with the sandwiches, though the hot dishes look reasonable enough. There is a wide and tasty selection of sandwiches. Though the cheeseburger is not particularly interesting it is a mere $.45. The BLTs are quite devine (crisp bacon and lettuce with ample tomato) at $.60. Our own special favorite is the Pizzaburger, melted mozzerella cheese somehow planted in the center of the beef pattie with some magic pizza sauce to top it off. This greasy delight will run you $.45 at Schwartze's though we have seen it in other places in town for as much as $.75. The trick about the Pizzaburger is that it doesn't appear anywhere on the menu unless it happens to be one of the specials of the day. It's good to ask for it because it shows you know your way around which is fairly important at Schwartze's where the countermen tend to be a bit sarcastic with greenhorns who obviously don't know the ropes yet. Once they know you they are quite charming fellows, so be strong, it may take you more than a couple of visits to get the kind of treatment that makes Schwartze's so pleasant for the old timers.

You might choose to accompany your meal with a fine malty malted ($.45) or with some weird flavor coke of your choosing that the counterman will fix you. French fries are the wavy kind, but they're surprisingly good and crispy and the portions are ample. For dessert, Schwartzes has a pretty good hot fudge sundae with whipped cream from one of those old silver bombs or you might try an exotic candy bar from the fine selection of imported treats Schwartzes stocks along with the regular drugstore fare. Though you pay for your meal at the lunch counter and any other purchases, such as a mellow Dutch chocolate bar, get paid for at the cash register in front or at the pharmacist's register in the rear of the store. Schwartzes also has one of the best magazine selections ever seen in a Washington drugstore. Almost anything you want in English including several obscure literary journals ond the Paris Review as well as a large number of foreign language magazines. Mark Power asked me to mention that Schwartzes also has a fine stationery department with envelopes with every need. So if you're eating alone and don't want to read a magazine, you might try writing a threatening letter to some holder of high political office with your spare hand.

All in all Schwartzes can be an interesting place to while away the hours. The food is as good or better than most fast food places and cheaper and the ambiance is from simpler days. If you're lucky you may even meet the neighborhood crazy lady who will regale you with a tale of horror about a hippie midnight marauder whose terrifying attack has kept her paralyzed for six years (or was it six months ?).

# BOOKS

MARMALADE ME by Jill Johnston. E. P. Dutton, 1971, 316pp. Published simultaneously in paper ($2. 45) and hardcover.

For the longest time, I ignored Jill Johnston's colums, "Dance Journal," in the Villiage Voice. I had skimmed it a couple of times and it was just some more pedantic criticism of some estoeric intermedia dance which I knew little about and should have cared more maybe but didn't at that time way the hell out as I was among the broken down mine shafts of southeastern Ohio.

Then one issue one day in early 1969 my eyes strayed to "Dance Journal" again. I read a few sentences. And then more than just a few sentences. It was impossible to skim; the prose required total immersion. What happened to Jill Johnston's dance critic while I wasn't looking? After reading her columns for a couple of years, I still don't know. So I was curious to see this collection of a selection of her columns from 1969 to 1970 to find out how and why the change from an academic, analytical, traditional style of critism to a stream of-consciousness, diary-like, dream-like, form of meandering.

For an explanation I needed to look no further than her preface to MARMALADE ME, in which she saves me and any other reviewer the trouble of reviewing her book. In the preface, Jill-- and I hope she doesn't mind if I refer to her by her first name even though it is fashionable to refer to women by their last names in print and come to think of it ahe's always writing about "Gloria" and "Kate" and "Yoko" and "Ann" and "Gregory"---because I used to know this girl named Lynne Johnston but you weren't suppose to pronounce the "t", so I don't know if I'm suppose to pronounce the "T" in Jill Johnston's Johnston, so I'll call her Jill. But that's not the real reason. I don't like to call either men or women by their last name, and I've always hated being called by my last name even when it was my own ----no, not my own, but my father' s. Given names are our only true names; our last names are remnants of an authoritarian patriarchy. Referring to women by their last names is an attempt to get equal treatment in print with men, who are always referred to in all newspapers but the New York Times initially by the first and last name and thereafter by last name only, except if they are dead in which case they are "Mr." In the Times, though, they are always "Mr." i.e. if your name appears in the Times you might as well be dead. Women, on the other hand, have never been given a chance to live, even in newsprint. Dead or alive they have been prefixed by a title denoting their connection or annexation to a man. But in asserting our right for equal treatment in print, I see no reason to adopt male depersonalization. Why not call her by her own name, her first name? Why not call both men and women by their true name?

Jill, then.

In her preface, Jill describes her work as representing

> "Two distinct styles of life and writing. The transition is recorded in Part 3. Until 1965 I was a dedicated critic to dance, painting, sculpture, Happenings, and all forms of intermedia... I remained attached to my original ideal of pursuing an interpretive descriptive analytical approach to the 'old dance' which was still alive (for me), and of applying such standards to anything new. Thus the writing is enthusiastically academic and labored and Part 2 comprises a small selection of all that work."

I got to admit that, as when they were first published, I only skimmed a few of those columns in Part 2 of MARMALADE ME because they are as Jill describes them. If anybody thinks I missed anything let me know. Apparantly what happened between part 2 and part 3, that is what was happening in 1965, was that Jill was "Leading the wild personal life of the parties and openings while consigning myself otherwise to the rigors of my academic career as thinker and critic. ' Inn August, 1965, both lives exploded in a conflagration of work and personality.... I had a new career opened up to me as a 'mental case' and eventually I decided to exploit it instead of buring it...."

Her columns beginning in September of 1965 start changing from the traditionally aloof critical point of view to a more personal style and viewpoint. In "Critic's Critic's" she writes of

> "the modern necessity of reforming this ancient practice of pretending to be top man on a barber's pole... Criticism wears me out---it's like riding a bike up and down the country hills in a race against a phantom judge. I'll take a plot of level territory and stake out a claim to lie down on it and criticize the constellations if that's what I happen to be looking at. I also stake out a claim to be an artist, a writer, if that's what I'm doing when I get to the typewriter and decide that I liked something will enough to say what I think it's all about... The future is upon us and the Art of Criticism has already come into its own in those public places where the critic is lying down on a soft piece of ground to enjoy a bit of blue and yellow scenery....."

Jill expresses a feeling I often have about art criticism, and especially about my own writing of critism. It is a feeling that should come often to all critics. That feeling is who do you think I am that you let me dictate to you what you will decide to like or dislike in writing, in art, in dance, in film, in theatre? Why take my word for it? Why even ask me?
Can't you decide for yourself? How come you care more about my opinion of other people's work than you care about me? Go away. I'm tired. Don't bother me with your respect for my opinion. I got other things to do. I don't feel like dissecting anymore. I want to leave things whole: to look, to see; to listen, to hear; to touch, to feel; but not to analyze, not to judge.

Jill says that the "key piece" in the book is "Robert Whitman" dated September 8, 1966. The review of a Happening that happened in Long Island swamp the previous month, she says: "was written in a gushing ten minutes or so and in the eye of my second tornadic transformation of consciousness when associations were rapant and happily I was unable to distinguish myself and dreams from the dream of those events in the swamp." Jill did not write much for about a year after that swampy night she once again became a "mental case" and "succumbed to the social judgement of my deficiency and uselessness as a human being in a 'normal society.'" When she did start writing again, Jill continued evolving a more subjective style, although her subject matter remained art dance sculpture intermedia. The first column included in the book which shows the fuller transition to both a subjective style of writing and the use of that style to talk about things other than the art event or object being criticized (although the critical point of view is still central to the column) is "The Holy Hurricane," dated March 21, 1968. It ends: "This is the eye of insanity of the dissolution of boundary. A consumation devoutly to be wished. Inferno Pergatorio Paradiso."

As I said, Jill has done the critic's work for me, so I can just sit back and quote. In the preface, she tells us that the

> "precedentsfor the styles I developed can be found in all so-called stream-of-consciousness writing of this century, in all confessional autobiographical literature, and in the poetry of the French Dada Surrealists, wherever automatic and non sequitur in character. My project was to shatter and reorganize the language for myself. I developed a passion for 'found' fragments --- statements and exclaimations heard or read --- and for arranging them in the bizarre continuity of the non sequitur linked by some personal need or system of association... Also, I took to punning and compounding words and breaching rules of syntax and projecting time dislocations by intercutting, and writing all pieces in a single paragraph for an open-ended and blending structure that the reader could stop and start, pause and begin, as his own choice or requirement."

She mentions that "Fluxus Fuxus," a column written in July of 1964, was an "early fluke," occuring as it did in the middle of her traditional criticism period. It contained, she says, "almost all methods that i later advanced self-consciously." To give you an idea, it opens:

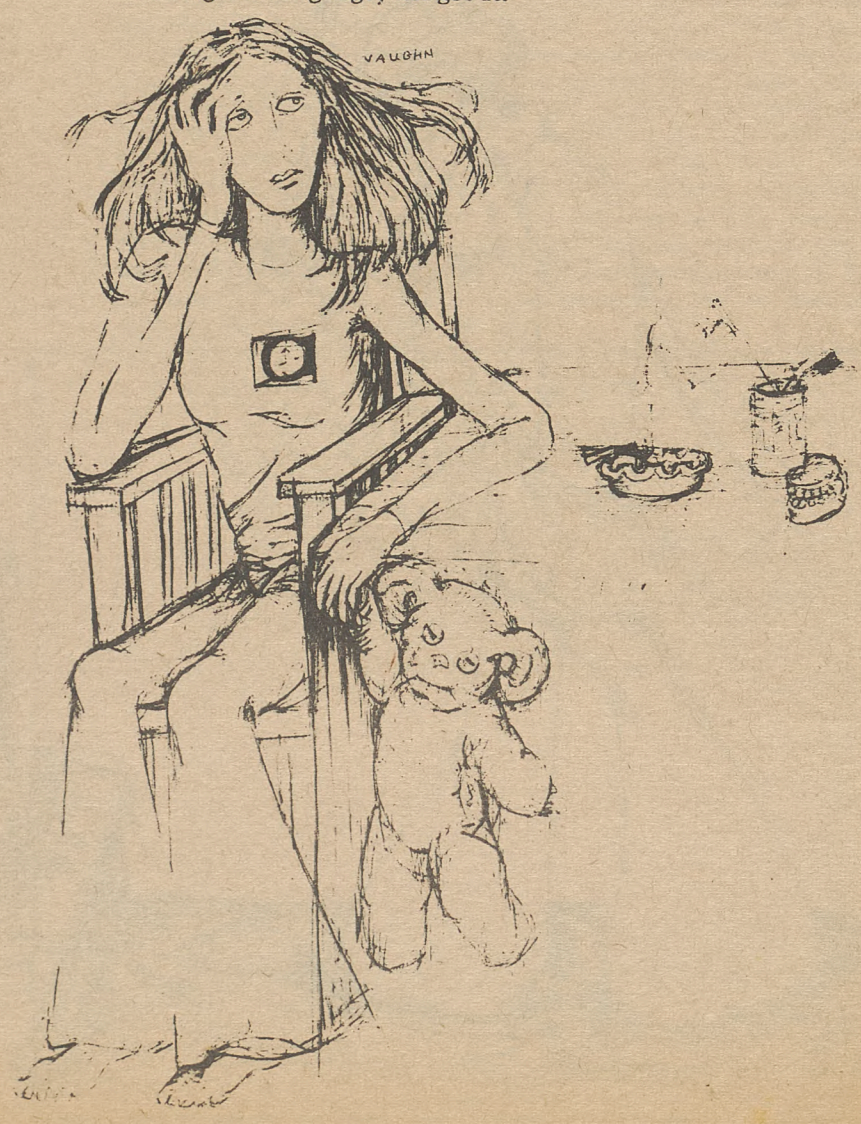
> "Fluxus flapdoodle. Fluxus concert, 1964. Donald Duck meets the Flying Tigers. Why should anybody notice the shape of a watch of the moment of looking at the time? Should we formulate the law of the fall of the body toward a center, or the law of the ascension of a vacuum toward a periphery? The exposition became a double Bloody Mary. Some fluxus experts went to the Carnegie Tavern also. Fluxus moved into the street and on to my typewriter." And it's hard to know when to stop quoting and I wish I didn't have to.

I wonder a lot of things about "Fluxus Fuxus." I wonder how and why Jill suddenly decided to write that way. Did she decide to write 'bout the event in the spirit of the event? Or was she drunk or high o. something? And once she had written a column that way, why didn't she go on? Why did she return to acedemicism in her next column and her next column? And I wonder the reaction of those who read that early column in the Voice. Were they stunned into silence or was there an outcry of outrage or what?

With the exception of this 1964 column, Jill did not begin to develop her present style until 1965. To give you some idea of what that style evolved into, I'm going to quote from a 1969 column, "About the Ash Tree ":

> "What I am saying if you don't mind, and this is a serious article about criticism, is that I'm not talking about anybody in particular actually, only myself, and I don't exist either, except in my imagination, or yours, although just at the moment I'm riding a train, I'm not sure to where I to where I think they're picking me up at the lost and found when I get there, riding along with alot of famous people I haven't looked at yet because I'm inside myself and this yellow paper and that isn't true either.... Once I fell down trying to be a good writer. How can we be what we are if we're trying to do it somehow. When the water could be flowing along both sides of our rudders or udders...."

What I'm trying to do is to get you to read Jill's stuff yourself---either in MARMALADE ME, or in the Voice, or in both. But if you detest James Joyce and think Hemingway is the greatest dead writer in the English language, forget it.



For me, Jill's writing is more effective in its natural setting, her Voice column. There you are reading article after article of declarative sentences. No, it's not the daily pyramid style of newspaper writing, but a sort of weekly Leaning Tower of Pisa. Then all at once you come upon the Tower of Babel: Jill Johnston. When you read the same columns in the book, though, this power of novelty is diminished. I mean it's one thing to read James Joyce all nicely bound and sewn up, but can you imagine coming upon a passage from Finnegan's Wake in the middle of the Washington Post?

I want to describe my reaction to Jill's writings, but what I want to compare it to is my reaction to various works of art --- yet it's not quite on that level. It is like, but not as intense as, my reaction to T. S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday" before I was aware of the Christian references. Or Gerard Manley Hopkins read aloud. Or hearing, for the first time, Bach's Mass being sung in Latin which could just as well be Greek. Which is all to say that sometimes I can't figure out what Jill is talking about, but I like the way she talks about it. Also, when I do know what she is talking about which is usually, I often don't agree with what she is saying --- but how she says it agrees with me. I often find it really strange to be enjoying her column when I am so opposed to her ideas. For instance, the very basis on which her column is written, that the artist is as important or more important than the work of art (and this is the prevailing popular view) is the opposite of my view. I admire Jill's writing, for example, entirely apart from whether or not I admire her as a person, or whether I admire her opinions. Jill, on the other foot, would say that she is her writing and her writing is her and her opinions and that they cannot be separated and further I think she would ask on what basis do I think her writing is art and that she, Jill the person, is not art. The moral of the story is pendantry is a lot of hot air. Just enjoy.

In her current columns --- not included in MARMALADE ME, but probably being preserved for another book --- Jill is mainly talking about woman's lib, and her own lesbianism. In the only column to depart from the stream-of consciousness style in a long time, Jill earlier this year, or was it last year, came as they say, out of the closet. She came out dramatically in declarative sentences with comas in all the right places and paragraphs with topic sentences to make sure we would get it all straight. After her debut, Jill'scolumns once again are being written in her usual style. The thing about it was she had already made her sexual preferences clear in many of her unconsciousness-raising columns. The most expensive of her attempts to sneak out of the closet is the column, "Pubis Est Vertas," which you can read the whole of in MARMALADE ME. Writing in March of 1969 from Taos, she says :

> "This could be my true confessions.... happened to see Ronald Forsythe's article in the Times. It's about time. He's a brave Indian to say that stuff, pseudonym and all about how for instance D. H. Lawrence, and this is my intropolation, wrote a story called "The Fox," I read it in London, and had a chick called Jill a poor chick dependent on a dyke called March.... and I agree no kidding why doesn't some Cecil B. DeMille make a movie where the two chicks or the two guys live happily ever after "I Do"etc. the way the books the movies the media the entire communications systems throughout the world do it nice for a sweet teen-age public thinking about that kid next door and of course we do sometimes to keep the population going, why not, at least that's the biological idea they say. Why not if you like it. I did once. If this is a true confession, I'd better not return from one place to another.... And this isn't my true confession. I'll never tell all. I don't know where I am. I'm not in Tahiti. I'm not Mexican. Polly say's she's a Spaniard. I don't believe it. I'm sad. I'm happy. I'm going to Denver.... see ya later. Copulater. After a while, Crocodile."

I peer down from my barbaric pole overlooking my typewriter and there, holding down the pages while I copy quotes, is volume 1 of Anais Nin's Diary on top of MARMALADE ME. Funny I didn't notice it until I glanced down now at the end.

- Judy Willis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ROCKIN' THE FILLMORE - Humble Pie - A&M SP 3506 - "As safe yesterday is okay for some . . . but not for Humble Pie". That was the ad for their first LP in the summer of 1969, and it always struck me as one of the more interesting, less repulsive record company ads, That album, one of the finest hard rock LP's in a year of many such albums, is unavailable now; Immediate Records having gone out of business. Their second, Town and Country, a quieter album, was never released in America. Humble Pie signed with A&M in late 1970 and turned out two albums which were mildly sucessful, both artistically and financially. But everyone who truly loved the group knew that they could do much better. And now they have. Rockin' The Fillmore a double LP, ranks right up there with Live Dead and The Allman Brothers Band Live At Fillmore East in the upper echelon of live rock albums. Steve Marriot is his usual amazing self. I was quite sorry when he split The Small Faces, but he's turned Humble Pie into a valid musical venture. As rock singers go, there are few to compare with him. He actually can sing rather than yell or mumble and spit. Like Steve Winwood, he's a little guy who can sing with the power you'd expect from someone twice his size. He's unquestionably the star of this album; singing beautifully, playing some mean heavy rock guitar and keeping the crowd under his thumb and responding to his vocals. This is best demonstrated in the wild 16-minute "Rolling Stone" written by Muddy Waters, but the song is just a vehicle for Marriot's half-talking/half-singing monologue with buzzing guitar accompaniment. He has the audience really going, and gets into a nifty little bit about being seduced by his girlfriend's mother (including a needless bit of censorship in one line). After the encounter with the mother, the band goes into a snatch of "What Am I Living For", done in Humble Pie style, of course. Steve then goes into another rap, then the band rocks some more, and finishes up with a few lines from The Righteous Brothers' "My Babe". You've really got to hear this one. The best side, however, is side four, opening with Ray Charles' "Hallelujah (I Love Her So)". Steve sounds a little like Charles, but the arrangement is strictly hard rock; you won't mistake it for Ray. Then, after Steve tells the Fillmore audience what a gas it was touring America, the band launches into the album's high point, "I Don't Need No Doctor" written by the Motown team of Valerie Simpson and Nick Ashford. It sounds not at all like a soul song, though, with Marriot and Peter Frampton firing out thunderous hard rock riffs, and Steve's classic voice bending, shaping, and molding each word into one of the best songs of the year. It is currently enjoying some success as a single, and surprisingly, the edited version lacks no power whatsoever.

The other material is not quite as powerful but still a lot of fun. The album opens with the rocking "Four Day Creep", followed by minutes of Willie Dixon's "I'm Ready", with Marriot again coaxing, playing to and with the crowd, and then "Stone Cold Fever", a heavy song from their previous LP, Rock On, which is fairly similar to the recorded version. The longest side is a 24:30 version of Dr. John's "I Walk On Guilded Splinters", which is okay as 24 minute songs go.

Unfortunately, guitarist Peter Frampton left the group since this was recorded, and there's no replacement as yet, although it looks like ex-McCoy, Johnny and Edgar Winter guitarist Rick Derringer will be the man. Peter gets in some good licks on this album. The rhythm section of Greg Ridley and Jerry Shirley lays down a heavy, steady support for Marriot and Frampton. I hope this album gives Marriot all the attention he deserves. I hope you don't have bitchy neighbors, 'cause you should play this album nice and loud. After you hear it once, you're going to keep playing it quite often.

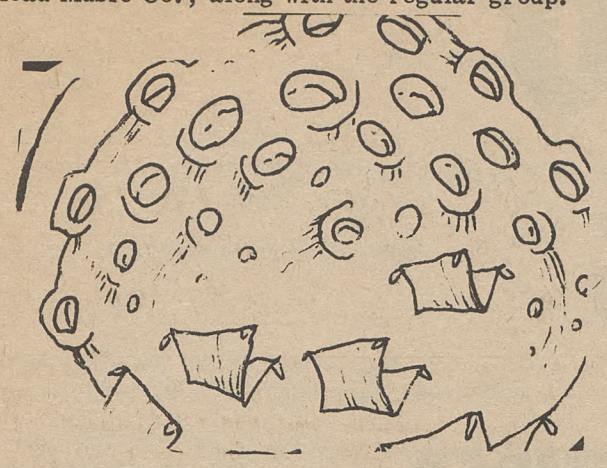
ANGEL DELIGHT - Fairport Convention - A&M SP 4319 - It has been said that Fairport Convention is the British counterpart of The Byrds, and there is more than a little truth to that statement. Fairport has been around in various forms for five years, they were pioneers in their style of music, and former members of the band have gone on to success with other ventures using Fairport-type music. But where The Byrds have more often than not been the personal vision of Roger McGuinn, the same status is not held by the lone survivor of the original Fairport, Simon Nicol. Rather what gave Fairport a sense of direction and continuity during their personnel changes (no two of their six LP's have the same personnel) was lead guitarist Richard Thompson, who is no longer in the band. And that, friends, is the big problem with Angel Delight. You just can't replace a musician like Richard Thompson. There are precious few guitarists who can play as beautifully as Richard. The band didn't attempt to replace him, and is carrying on with the same personnel and Nicol is handling most of the work. When Sandy Denny left the group two years ago, no one new was added and the focus was shifted to featuring violinist Dave Swarbrick more prominently. At the time it worked. Now with Thompson gone, they've thrown more on Swarb's shoulders (and fingers and voice) and there is a noticeable hole in the sound. He is now being forced to handle most of the lead vocals, for which he is unsuited, and also most of the songwriting, which was better on the last LP, Full House. There is nothing drastically wrong with the music on the new album; it's just that they've doen it before. If, like

me, you've been following Fairport, you'll enjoy the album; it's fairly similar to Full House; good traditional folk with a little rock and classical thrown in for good measure. But it is not as good as Full House. And it's far below the levels of their albums before that. If you are unfamiliar with Fairport, be advised that this is not the album to start with. If you don't have Unhalfbricking, for instance, you're missing a fine addition to your record collection. It is one of the few perfect albums around. But back to Angel Delight. Of the ten songs, there are five which have enough musical value to make this a worthwhile album, if only for Fairport freaks. The title cut is a particularly spirited, delightful tune, with Swarb adding nice mandolin touches. Dave also turns in a majestic vocal performance on a song he co-authored with Nicol, "Wizard of the Worldly Grace", which also features drummer Dave Mattacks at the piano. There are two beautiful Swarbrick/Thompson tunes: "The Journeyman's Grace" would have fit well on Full House, and "Sickness and Diseases" is probably the best song on the album, a fine blend of folk and rock which would appeal to even non-Fairport people. We are also given an instrumental medley with Swarb on fiddle and mandolin. It's nice enough, but pale in comparison to the wild medleys on Liege and Lief and Full House. The rest of the material is competent British folk, but not up to Fairport's standards. An unusually nice part of this album strangely enough is the comprehensive liner notes by Jim Brickhart. A&M deserves congratulations for indluding a concise history and appreciation of this group. I hope that Fairport starts pulling itself back together, and maybe the addition of a new member would help. Things are starting to look up, however. They've completed work on an opera, which should be quite interesting and are now touring the states with Traffic. This should help them immeasureably, because they'll be playing to a large number of people and they have an excellent live show. Fairport followers should understand this LP for what it is, and newcomers would do well to pick up on the older stuff first.

SWAMPWATER - RCA LSP 4572 - Swampwater has been know mainly for their stint as Linda Ronstadt's backup band, and for their super fiddler, Gib Guilbeau. He's lately been making guest appearances on rock LP's, his most familiar performance being the beautiful fiddle on Crazyhorse's "Dance Dance Dance". This album should establish Swampwater as one of the best country bands around. Although he wrote most of the songs, Gib's fiddle isn't the main point of the LP. The three times when he does let loose, though, are beautiful examples of country fiddling. His "Swampdown" is a lightning fast tune which will have you up and dancing around the second you hear it. "Back Porch Harmony" shows him using slower, square dance like fiddle as in "Dance Dance Dance". And "Ol' Papa Joe" sounds almost exactly like Doug Kershaw. Outside of Kershaw and traditional country influences, the biggest influence on this album comes from The Byrds. Much of the material has that early Byrds feel. The opening cut, "Ooh-Wee California" utilizes neat country rock guitar by John Beland and faintly resembles "Six Days On The Road". "Headed For The Country" is strange in that when you hear the opening lyrics, you immediately think they were written by Arthur Lee and that it is an old Love song. Later on in the song the sound changes to sound like the Byrds. And after all, who did the early Love sound like? Two of the nicest things on the album are slow country laments, "Mama Lou" and "One Note Man", which you'll undoubtedly find yourself singing along with in due time. This is one of the most tasteful country rock albums in quite a while. Gib Guilbeau is a great fiddler and Swampwater is an authentic country band who can rock as well. One complaint that has nothing to do with the music: the album cover for some reason is a duo-pak with the front cover divided into three flaps which get to be a huge pain in the ass when you want to take the record out of the jacket. But once you start playing the record, it's all worth it.

FUTURE TENSE - The Quintet - United Artists - UAS 5514 - Some of the best bands have developed a phenomenon in the last couple of years, that of the splinter groups. These are bands which are offshoots of the established band, beginning with at least one member of the original band. The Grateful Dead has The New Riders of the Purple Sage

(whose only member common to the Dead now is Jerry Garcia) and a couple of pure offshoots with totally different personnel, James and The Good Brothers and The Rowan Brothers (Not to mention splinter groups thrown together for the occasion like Bobby Ace and The Cards From The Bottom, featuring Bob Weir and Mickey Hart and The Heartbeats.) And The Jefferson Airplane has Hot Tuna. And now, Doug Sahm and his old reliable Sir Douglas Quintet have divided into The Quintet (minus Doug, with "Big Guitar Sonny" Farlow) and Augie Meyer's Western Head Music Co., along with the regular group.



This isn't to say that the Sir Douglas Quintet no longer exist; they do, whenever Doug and the band feel like gigging together. All three of these groups exist separately and together. Recently, all three played on the same bill at The Troubador in Los Angeles. Meyer, the organist, whose pumping style was to become one of The Quintet's trademarks, created an album recently (Polydor 244069) which was considerably laid back and low-keyed, not much like his work with The Quintet. His playing on this new Sir Doug-less (no pun intended, honestly) album is more in his familiar style. This Quintet LP is not at all that similar to the Sir Douglas album. I'm not going to tell you that Farlow is as good as Sahm. He's not. But then again, he's doing something different and not trying to sound like Sahm. Farlow's guitar work is heavier and more prominent than Sahm's, and no attempt is made to substitute for Doug's fiddle. He also has a husky, evil sounding voice which fits in well with the music.

The material here is sufficiently varied to make for a quite interesting set. There are some songs which recall the heyday of The Quintet, and others which sound unlike the group has ever sounded, but work nonetheless. There is one attempt at '50's rock and roll, "Stagger Lee", but their version is nothing new. Curiously enough, another song on the album, "You Gotta Pay", sounds a little like "Stagger Lee", without sounding too much like it, and is a fine swinging, catchy song. The latter quality, in fact, shows up in much of the album's material. There is "World of Living" which is quite lively but the lyrics don't stand up well, and "Hey Ya, Hey Ya" which is both heavy and catchy, and "Thinking of You", with some fine organ from Augie and nice country guitar from Farlow. The closeest they get to the old days with Sir Doug is "The Rains Came", which was the follow up to "She's About A Mover". This version is fairly faithful to the original. The best material on Future Tense is the hard rock, especially "Dica Dica", my personal favorite, with heavy guitar and a downright nasty vocal by Farlow. There are some other fine guitar heavy tunes like "We've Been Hijacked" and "Plane", plus "Waiting For The Red Light" with Frank Morin blowing harp as expertly as his patented sax playing.

I think the offshoot group idea is a sound one. A tour of these three groups might be a good idea. In any case, Future Tense shows a great deal of promise and packs a lot of fun into 12 songs. Fans of the group should really appreciate it.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# CALENDAR

Wednesday - October 27

7:00- "King Kong and the Great Chase" Student Union Bldg, Md. U.
Admission 75¢

8:00- Band- Haltan Theatre PGCC
- George Washington University-Marvin Theatre, "The Hostage"
- "Mother Earth" Ford's Theatre
- AFI
- Gay Women's Open House call 671-3762

Thursday - October 28

8:00- Leon Russell, Shady Grove Music Fair
-Drug Rap Group at the Free Clinic call 965-5476
- AFI
- Underground Flicks: "The Problem", a social statement on bureaucracy. Plus "Autumn-Frost Country", a visual poem at the Gate Coffeehouse- 3338 M St. NW

Friday- October 29
7 & 9:30- "Elvira Madigan" GWU Student Center Admission 50¢

7:00 - "The Raven" "The Conquerer Worn" GWU Student Union 75¢

8:00- "If" Nursing Auditorium, Catholic Univ. Admission $1.00

8:30- J.B. Hutto and the Hawks plus Dave Griggs Blues Band at the Emergency. Admission $2.00.
- "Beckett" GWU Ward Circle Bldg.
- Byrds and Eric Anderson at Shady Grove- call 659-2601
tickets $6.85- $5.80- $4.75
8:00- AFI

Saturday - October 30

10am-3pm- Recycle your trash at the new Recycling Center at the maintenance parking lot near the Nature Center at Rock Creek Park right off Military Road call 833- 8228

7:30- Boxcar at Mount Rainer High School Admission $1.50

8:00- Issac Hayes- Cole Field House Md. U. for homecoming
tickets $3, $4, $5 call 454-2801
- Tractor- Bishop Arrington, Alex., Va. Admission $1.75
- Gay Dance- 1620 S St. NW

8:30- J.B. Hutto and the Hawks and Dave Griggs Blues Band at the Emergency. Admission $2.00.
- Rod McKuen at the Kennedy Center 393-4433
- Claude Jones and Brownsville Station at the Falls Church Com. Cemter. 223 Little Falls Street. Admission $2.50 and $3.00

Sunday- October 31 HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

8:30- Rod McKuen at the Kennedy Center
- Rory Gallagher and Dave Griggs Blues Band at Emergency, Admission $2.25.
8&10- "The Eyes of Hell" Nursing Aud.-Catholic Univ. Admission $1.00.

9:00 Richard Marold Potfers House Poetry reading

8:00- AFI
Tuesday- November 2

8:00- Gay Rap at the Free Clinic
- AFI

Wednesday- November 3

8:00 - Roberta Flack at Constitution Hall tickets $5-$6-$7
-AFI

Thursday- November 4

- One-act plays at PGCC
8:00- AFI

Friday- November 5

8:00 "Lovers and Other Strangers" Nursing Aud. Catholic U. Ad. $1.
- Boxcar at Holy Cross

Saturday November 6

7:30- Maiz at Mount Rainer Admission $1.50

3:00 and 8:00- Cat Stevens and Mimi Farina&Tom Jans at the Kennedy Center tickets $4-$5-$6

8:30- Sir Lord Baltimore at the Falls Church Community Center for information call 532-2000

8:00- Arlo Guthrie and Ry Cooder Fredrick Community College Field House--Tickets at Ticketron $4.50 at the door $5.00

Sunday- November 7

8:00- Beach Boys at Georgetown University tickets $4.00
- Poco at Catholic University
-Sergio Mende and Brazil 77 at Shady Grove tickets $6.50-$5.50 and $4.50




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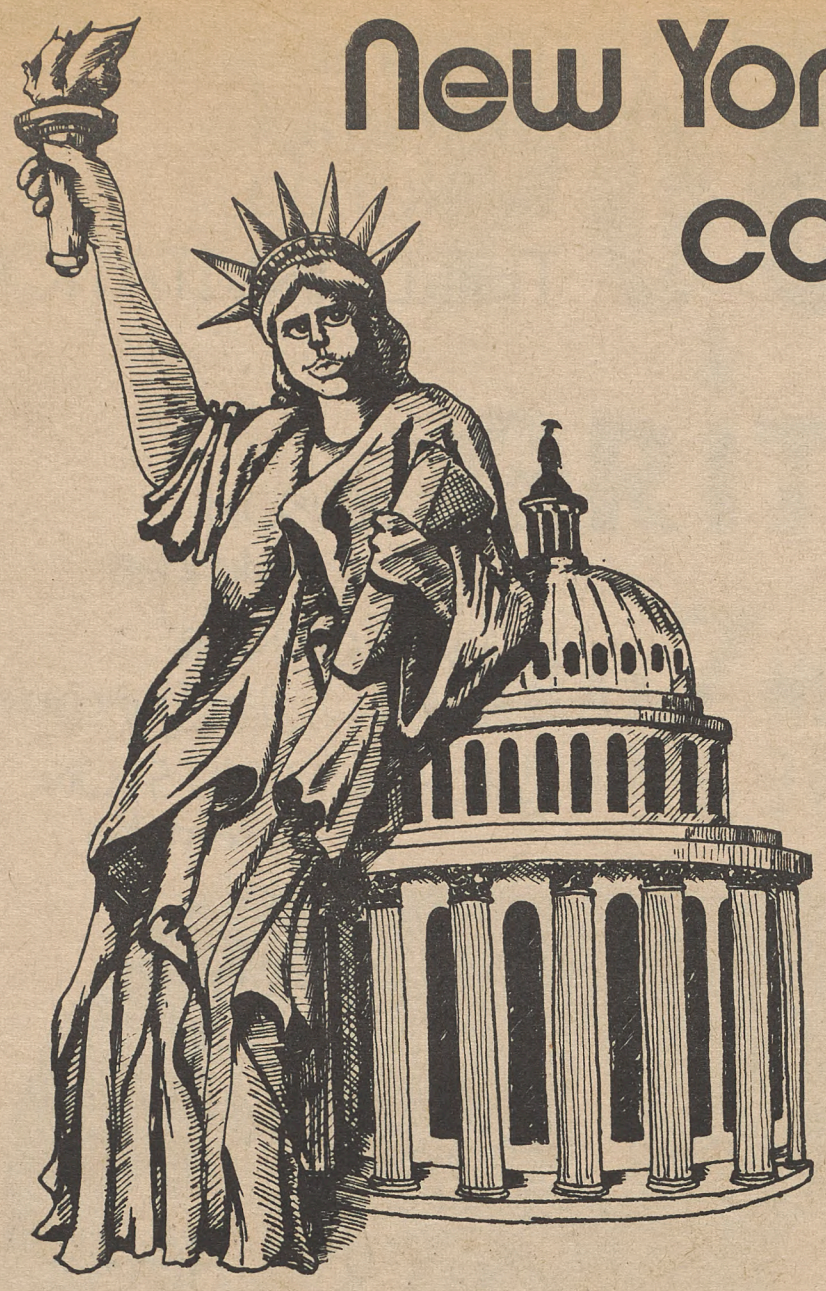

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In the past years we brought in Fairport Convention, It's a Beautiful Day, The Kinks, Renaissance, Cold Blood, Buddy Guy, Catfish, Amboy Dukes, Redbone, and Commander Cody. We plan to once again bring in, what we consider, consistant tasteful music (local, national, and international), in a comfortable, friendly atmosphere and at low prices.

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